

## WITH THE BEANVILLE NATIVES.

The farmers came from their fields and filled the school room. They were not very tidy, for they came fresh from work. They had on no-bled shirts, stand up collars, nor polished shoes. They had been working, so that others who do not work may have bled shirts, stand-up collars and shining shoes. As Mr. Hafner entered they greeted him enthusiastically and he began to speak.

"You farmers look tired and I will not detain you long tonight. You are beginning your seasons work of feeding and clothing the world. You may not know it, yet the whole of society rests upon your labor. And society has so arranged it that of what you produce you are only permitted to retain so much as will give you a bare existence. It is a cunning arrangement that has been fixed up for you and you are separated from what you produce in a way that you can not see how it is done.

Look at your large cities with their gorgeous buildings. See the towns all about you. See the railroads. You have built them all. Yet most of you are homeless while those who created no part of the wealth live in mansions surrounded by all the luxuries of life. Their children and pugs dogs and pet monkeys enjoy the best of everything while your children get the worst of every thing.

Now, don't blame them. They are doing nothing more than you told them to do when you voted for it. The few can not rule the many without deceiving the many—and you read their newspapers and believe their spell-binders—and vote for it. There is no wealth except it is taken from the ground. Mother Earth is the store house and your labor is the product and gives it life of it. When you get wise enough to answer that question intelligently you will quit voting for the present system of exploitation.

The cities and towns produce nothing except, perhaps, a little garden truck. They finish raw material, it is true. But that, too, is done by labor, and the laborer of the manufacturing centers is no better off than you. The system robs him of the greater part of his product and gives it to those who do no useful work and live in mansions. And, like yourselves, the city laborer gets what he votes for. But the country—the farm—supports all. That is where the meat and bread and material for clothing comes from. You have to support all the merchants, the bankers, the lawyers, doctors and professional men of every kind, the newspapers, churches, schools, asylums, jails, penitentiaries, the army, the navy and so on. And yet you don't understand why you are poor. You pay for these things indirectly and don't know it. On every article you buy, the price is fixed and the tax and profit added and on every thing you sell the price you are to receive is fixed for you and the tax and profit deducted. Like the sniggers come trap, they catch you and you are a comit.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are taken from the people annually for which they get practically nothing in return. The tax eaters live very high, while the tax producers are generally on the edge of want. Public officials are ever taking more. When I was a boy the president of the United States got \$25,000 a year, and there was no splurging across the country annually at the people's expense. Taft gets three times as much as Grant got during his first term and a third more than Roosevelt got, and his expenses that the people must pay in his railroad excursions and fleets down the river amount to more than his salary. A United States senator takes \$45,000 for a term of six years—to say nothing of the "trimmings." A congressman that is usually the most useless being of a community gets \$15,000 and "trimmings" for a term of two years—to say nothing of \$2,400 he takes to pay a private secretary to do the heavy work—and the address packages of garden seeds. I say TAKE for it is the proper word. These men make the laws that permits them to do these things.

Your state and county officers are always busy getting more. They have their fees and salaries increased, their offices furnished and heated at public expense, and the terms of office lengthened. A few years ago very few county officers were elected for more than two years. Now four are elected for less than four and the people demand these changes? Ah, no; it was the officials who had these laws quietly slipped through the legislature. If you submit to these things without protest, they will next extend the terms for eight years and then for life.

There is no reason why officials should receive such fat salaries. Usually they are very ordinary men who are not successful. A successful man is not apt to want office. There was a time when it was regarded as an honor to hold office, but that time is no more. A man in public office today is more apt to be regarded with suspicion than with honor. He is apt to be regarded as the tool of someone higher up.

In St. Louis, a few years ago, Joe Folk uncovered the rottenness

there. It astonished the people of the state. They didn't believe that such rotten conditions could exist in what the Democrats told us was "the best governed state in the union." However, the present city attorney has unearthed similar conditions under the present "reform" administration, and nobody seems to wonder. People are becoming used to it and expect only rottenness in public affairs. In fact, it has become so common that I regard it as no news and seldom mention it in my paper.

The men higher up, who make and unmake public officials, are always loud in the praise of those who serve them well. They and their organs try to remove any doubt that might exist as to the patriotism and unselfish loyalty to the people of the men they put in office. And the voters who take up their money from the bankers and business men listen and swallow the bait. This may explain why one man has been retained in office in Scott county 30 years. Public officials are supposed to be public servants. But this idea is somewhat out of date. Officials, like others who work for pay, serve their masters. At present those who own and furnish the "grease" for the party machines are the masters. When the people smash the party machines and begin electing public officials, then public officials will regard the public as masters, and not until then. Five years ago, up at Jefferson City, they spent several million dollars in building a fine mansion for your supreme court to slobber around in. Of course contractors with an eye to graft got the job, and today the building is condemned. A half million dollars was also spent in repairing the capitol building and now they want you to vote to build them a new one. The crowd that hangs around there ought to be satisfied to do business in a tent.

This reminds me that twenty-five years ago you voted to build a court house at Benton. The contract was let to a Mr. Shay, who made the brick on the ground. While burning the brick the kiln collapsed and broke many of them into bats. Mr. Shay went on and built the court house with the material at hand. The interior walls, I am told, are built of brick bats and covered with plaster. But Mr. Shay gave a banquet to the "leading citizens" furnished free booze, and they accepted the building. Ever since they have been repairing and patching on the building, and now this same crowd wants you to vote bonds on yourselves to let them build another court house, although the present one has been roofed, ceiled and floored and is in the best of good condition to day as it ever was.

At the suggestion of the party managers here the county court squandered many hundred dollars around the court house square. The usual "commissioner" was appointed, the walk built, and every body has avoided it ever since during wet weather. Instead of gravel, a mixture of clay was used and it becomes as muddy as the streets. Now this has been condemned and a new granite walk ordered. Next they sailed in to dig an artesian well. The taxpayers were not consulted. "We" wanted it—or, rather, the money out of the treasury—and the court made the order and appointed the commissioner. A contract was made with a Mr. Whitney of Farmington—a son-in-law of a Democratic politician, Jasper Burks. Of course the money had to be kept within "the party" as far as possible.

As I remember the contract Mr. Whitney was to dig 1,500 feet if necessary, at \$3 per foot, and gave a bond of \$5,000 for the fulfillment of his contract. But Mr. Whitney had no money and he was kindly permitted to draw on the county for expenses. He was not an experienced man, and after he had drawn some \$7,000 he quit. Then a new contractor had to be sought, and as near as I could trace it, the well cost about \$15,000. The Whitney bond was never collected.

Now, we need water at Benton both for ourselves and for the public. But we have a well at the Benton mill that furnishes an inexhaustible supply of good water that cost only about \$300. And the same vein of water on the same level was struck when digging the court yard well. I mention these things to show you how competent the men are who are in charge of affairs. They squander \$15,000 in getting water no better than another man got for \$300. The difference lies in the fact that the man who spent \$300 paid his own money, while your "servants" were using your money.

Their next move was to pipe the water into the court house and jail and they needed a plumber. There was a fellow here named Charley Dedittus who made them believe he was a plumber. He moved around for about a year and drew some \$1,200 to 1,500 out of the county treasury. I don't know how nor where he got his "pull," but he evidently knew no more about plumbing than does any ordinary farmer who has had experience with putting down pitcher pumps. He did not know that he could get an anti-freezing hydrant at almost any hardware store, and butchered up one for the court

yard made of pump pipe wrapped in a gunny sack stuffed with saw dust. Tony Legrand, a farmer living near town, was finally called to come in and straighten out the mess. We had several men in the community who could have done the work better and for less than one third the cost, but they were not called.

Three or four years ago your county court bought the Dr. Freeling residence property for \$1,000 and it joined the jail property and it was thought a good idea to have it as the sheriff's residence. While there is no law providing for the furnishing of a residence for the sheriff any more than for any other official, yet the idea was not altogether bad. It is well to have the sheriff or a deputy live near the jail. But if he wants the county to furnish him a house, he should pay rent.

And if you will select a county court that fail that represents the tax-payers instead of "the party," I am sure that rent will be charged. And if you will elect Socialists, I venture the prediction that the person who occupies that fine residence will pay a rental that will equal at least 60 per cent on the \$4,000 invested. If you keep the same old crowd in control, then I hope to see the county court build a fine residence for every official with your money. They ought to do it. They ought to give you full measure of what you vote for.

However, I started to tell you of what competent business men you have in charge of affairs. As soon as the last election was over it was decided that the dwelling Dr. Freeling's family had lived in so long was not good enough, and in the spring a modern residence was ordered, with steam heat and waterworks. The old building was sold to C. F. Bonneton for \$115, and it cost the county \$75 to get it moved out of the way. So they had \$40 left for the building which they paid \$1,000 for it and the ground. Mr. Bonneton repaired the building some and has been renting it for \$8 per month. It is a better house than I ever lived in until two years ago, when I built over the office.

As the new building was going up a retired farmer and a very conservative citizen and, by the way, an ex-official, stood on my porch looking at it. Presently he turned to me and said, "Pretty expensive building."

"If the men in control conducted their private affairs as they conduct the affairs of the public," I ventured, "I am afraid they'd land in the poor house."

"They would unless they had a mighty big bank account," said my visitor. But the wise ones tell us that the reason the masses are poor is because of their extravagance and because "they don't know how to manage." I need not tell you of the extravagance—or worse—in the matter of public printing. I am more familiar with that than with anything else—yet I will not dwell upon it because it is easy to suspect that personal interest may influence my vision. While I am in the printing business, yet, with my large circulation, I could not afford to take the printing as low as other papers would take it. I let in accordance with law. But I am interested to the extent that I am a taxpayer and don't like to be made to dig up to support a paper that was organized to run me out.

You remember how a few years ago, my bid of \$90 to print and publish the ballots was rejected and the court house organ paid \$375. However, the exposure of that job created such a protest that the work was let to the lowest bidder thereafter, and it never cost exceeding \$75 and went as low as \$45 until the job of two years ago when the court house organ got \$135 for a botch job in which a mistake occurred and every ballot had to be marked with a pencil. No such work would have been accepted from me. So you see the advantage of "standing in."

But the most brazen graft that has come under my notice was a pair of ditch notices published in the organ a few years ago. I have found out a little more about this and want to tell it to you. The two notices were printed in Cape Girardeau for \$34. All the local organ had to do was to fold these notices in its sheet for four weeks. To do this was worth, say \$2—making a total net cost, including freight, of about \$38. Let the tax-payers paid \$615 for it.

However there was some delay in the payment of one of these notices amounting to \$300. It was the one in which Grats and others were interested. The matter was appealed to the circuit court and the costs were assessed against Grats, et al.

Mr. Grats refused to pay the charge. To me he said, "If the printers bill had been reasonable I would pay it." And they never tried to make him pay it. Why?

In the mean time the organ grinder had borrowed money from the bank and put up this printers bill as security. Others, either in the court house or near to it, endorsed for him. I have never been able to get the entire facts in this matter, but the bank wanted its money. Somebody had to dig up. Grats had refused. The sureties, of course didn't want to. The organ-grinder had nothing.

And—well—all the record shows that the bank, as assignee, was allowed the \$300 from your treasury.

In connection with this I want to relate a most remarkable fact. The law limits the charge for public printing to \$1.00 per square for the first insertion and 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. The law also requires public officials to "secure the most advantageous rates that can be obtained." Now, the charge for these ditch notices exceeded the limit fixed by law, and the court allowed it without understanding the fact that AT THAT VERY TIME the organ had a bid before the court to do the public printing for the ensuing year for twenty cents per square for the first insertion and ten cents per square for each additional.

Since the present court house organ was established no effort so far as I know, has been made to comply with the law regulating public printing. Before that they used to go thru a farce they called letting out the public printing. However, just to see what they would do, I submitted the following to the county court at its May term, last year:

"I hereby offer to publish all notices or advertisements, including ditch and road notices, at the disposal of the court or its clerk, for 40 per cent of the maximum legal rate established in Sec. 4698. In other words, 40 cents per square for the first insertion and 20 cents per square for each additional. I further agree, if permitted to do so, to prove to the court that the Kicker has, BY FAR, the larger circulation among the tax-payers of Scott county of any paper published. Phil. A. Hafner."

Now, the object of publishing a notice is to give it publicity, and the greater circulation a newspaper has, the greater the publicity. But most of the control is in the hands of a few men who care nothing about whether or not people see the notices or not, and place the public printing in a paper that, perhaps, has as small a circulation as any paper in the county. It is needless to add that the court ignored my proposition. With these facts before you, can you blame the powers that be for always managing to install a stockholder of the court house organ as foreman of the grand jury? Were it not so serious a matter the jury system as now conducted, would be laughable.

On July 26 of last year I was told that Judges Bugg and Thomas were in town. Naturally I supposed there was something before the court to be acted upon although I had heard nothing of it. In the evening I went over to see what had been done so I could publish it. I opened the minute book in which the record is kept but found no entry for that day. As I started out I met the county clerk and asked the court had done anything on that day. "Did not they do anything?" I insisted. "No, they never met," answered the clerk.

When I took down the notes of the August session of court I found that Judges Bugg and Thomas had allowed themselves \$5 each for services rendered the county as judges on July 26. I turned back a few pages to see what sort of an entry the clerk had made. If any of our court met, present Hon. Wm. Bugg, presiding judge; Matt Thomas, judge 2nd district, James McPhee, clerk. There being no business court adjourned.

In attempting to defend this act a Democrat said to me that the judges had a misunderstanding as to the time and date they were to meet. If there was "no business as the record shows, why should they meet on any date?" and if there was a misunderstanding, why should they charge the tax-payers for their blunder?

In 1908 three men asked for the job of acting as your county treasurer. The salary was \$600 a year or about \$2 per day for every work day, besides fees and commissions. One of these men was just as competent to fill the office as the other. However, the Democrat got it and, after he had filled his bond and accepted the job at the old salary, the court raised his salary \$200 per year or \$800 during his term of four years. Do you believe this would have happened if the Republican or Socialist aspirant had got the job? The constitution and the law prohibits the increasing of an official's salary during his term. To get around the law and the constitution this increase was made a few days before the treasurer's present term began. Was that not a cunning evasion of the law? And yet we find fault with corporations for doing the same thing.

Now, I have gone over some of the ground to show you what sort of an administration of public affairs you have. These are only what appears on the surface—what the miners call "out-croppings." What might be found if one could lift the lid and see what is underneath, I do not know. But there is a mighty apt to be some fire.

If you are satisfied with these conditions, you are justified in voting for their continuance. I do not blame the beneficiaries for being satisfied. But it does seem to me that those who foot the bills would get tired sometime and vote to stop it.

Now that you are busy with the crops, I will not talk to you any more until next winter.

## APRIL, VERY GOOD.

The Kicker cut itself just a little during the month of April—having received 93 subscriptions against 91 for April of last year, as follows:

Benton—Jas. M. Evans, R. A. Kingsbury, Wm. Utzage, A. E. Joyce, Fannie Lemley, J. H. Shelton, Dr. Wade, Adam Bener, Thos. Adams, L. Daugherty, C. Triplett, Blodgett—Jacob Welter, J. A. Withrow, F. M. Marrs, Thos. Reans, Ambrose Turner, Frank Withrow, Grant Crider, R. W. Casson.

Ilmo—Wm. Kezee, John Pate, L. J. Armbruster, Casper Miller, Joe Enderle, T. N. Pate, W. N. Irvin, W. M. Malugene.

Crowder—Frank Taylor, Dr. Moulder, W. S. Sheary, H. C. Small, J. J. Acord.

New Hamburg—Leo Grojean, Joe Compas, Mrs. Louis Hahn, Alex. Dunbar.

Chaffee—J. M. Jenkins, J. N. Stearns, J. L. Blocker, L. Morrison, F. M. Amrhein.

Oran—Mrs. Sallie Jolly, M. A. Chitty, Spencer Abbot, Leo J. Legrand, E. F. Bryans, J. Banks, Anton Miederhoff.

Morley—F. E. Vaughn, W. A. Parker, J. T. Swain, J. M. Bennett, Mrs. Kate Kluge, Wm. Reeves, W. A. Beggs, J. A. Bryant, W. B. Myers.

Sikeston—Joe W. Moore, W. H. Barnes, Fred Paul, H. H. Batesman, J. W. Lindsey.

Fornfelt—George Hahn, Sam Cannon, H. Ruggles, Mrs. Verona Hahn.

Diehlstadt—D. R. Hamton, Robt. Hagler, S. P. Rollins.

Vanduser—J. H. Branham, G. W. Layton, C. C. Holt.

St. Louis—Mrs. Julia High, Wm. Bell.

Dexter—J. W. Sprinkle, Henry Sixdorf.

E. G. Miller, Poplar Bluff; Clarence Lane, Charleston; P. A. Bray, Morehouse; Adolph Rham, Kewanee; J. S. Copenhaver, Campbell; C. P. Stanley, Doniphan; W. C. Kruse, Paulding; A. L. Hawkins, Griggs, Okla.; Emil Legrand, El Reno, Okla.; W. F. Grant, Florence, Ky.; W. T. Grant, Bonnyville, Ky.; Byron Cruse, Upton, Ky.; W. T. Shain, Gossett, Ill.; Ernie Martin, Willard, Ill.; J. N. Hood, Marmaduke, Ark.; M. E. Carly, Lalande, New Mexico.

## THE GAME LAW.

We are told that the Socialists could never do this and that and the other. If they once get a chance and do no better than the capitalists after a hundred years' trial, I will favor turning them out, too. For twenty years the capitalists have been pretending as if they desired a reduction in railroad freight and passenger rates. I need not repeat the story of how well they have succeeded. You know. About six years ago they enacted a game law. Nobody understood it—not even the man who introduced the bill into the legislature. After the farmers of Missouri had paid thousands of dollars into the state treasury the law was declared to be null. But the farmers who had parted with their dollars never got them back.

Now we have a new game law and it seems to be about as crazy as the original. Anybody who is able to put up the price of a lawyer can take his gun and dog and go hunting. The attorney general holds that the law does not prevent hunting unprotected game, and it would be as difficult to prove that a man is hunting protected game as it is to prove that a saloon keeper sold liquor to a drunk man.

Under the old law one could be prosecuted for hunting on enclosed land without the consent of the owner. This was repealed and now, according to Judge Kilian, the only recourse the owner has is a suit for trespass.

But maybe they'll get it fixed after awhile. They are smart you know. Codd-hoppers don't understand how to make laws and must send their "superiors" to keep it up.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

It seems that St. Louis has an assessor who is trying to make the tax-dodgers come across. So he went after several millionaires in the way that he thought the law directed. They had refused or failed to give in their property for the purpose of assessment. In other words, it's a case just like that for which John T. Marrs, of Blodgett, was fined two years ago. Mr. Marrs was not favorably impressed with the deputy assessor, and he was prosecuted and fined for not turning in the mark.

But Mr. Marrs is just an ordinary man. The St. Louis millionaires knew their business. They appealed to the "bulwark of our liberties"—the courts. And an entirely different construction was put upon the law. The millionaires were released and the assessor was cautioned to be good here after.

## WANTS TO BE SHOWN.

We defy anybody to show that we are fighting against the principles of Democracy in this county or anywhere else. We are contending for purity in politics, for proper conduct of county and city affairs, for better government, for less political dictation, for more regard of the rights of the people, and for less subservience to the saloon element—Pemisot Argus.

Such as that is enough to produce a smile. The editor of the Argus has been accused of being "agin the party." A Democratic editor can't stand that, and wants to be shown.

Well, his own words above quot-

ed prove it. If the elements that he complains of were removed, there would be nothing left of the Democratic party in Pemisot county—nor in any other county. And when he fights to remove these elements he fights the party.

That's easy. Give out a nut to crack that has a shell to it.

## A LITTLE GIRL FRIEND.

When the Kicker began its exposure of rottenness in public affairs, the ruling class raised a howl and urged the people not to read the Kicker—that it was a "dirty sheet." Many did quit, in their blind allegiance to boss rule and party prejudice. But gradually they came back and, to-day, quite all will agree that they have learned more by reading the Kicker than from all other sources.

Not long ago the Kicker called attention to the limited education given the children in the parochial schools. Nothing was said as to the parish school—so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough, and I urged the parents to send their children to the public schools AFTER they had finished the parish school—just as other parents send their children from the country public schools to the high schools or state normals.

Repeatedly the County School Superintendent has urged parents to send their children to the township high schools such as exist in Sikeston, Oran and other towns, after they have finished the district public schools—the eighth grade. Have you heard of anybody chewing the rag about that? No. Then why should they complain when the Kicker urges a better education than the parish school can give—the third grade?

This is an age where "knowledge is power" more than in any other age of this country. Fifty years ago willing hands could locate anywhere and carve out a home. But to-day the youngster must not only be willing, but he must have a developed brain to succeed. If he has not the brain, there is little hope for him, except to spend his days in working for the other fellow.

When the grand-fathers of the present generation of our Catholic population came here, they could get land very cheap—much of it by merely setting up a pole. So that satisfying the needs of the body and stomach were concerned, no education was necessary. Only muscle was required. But today, unless his father has it to hand to him, the young man who wants a home must go elsewhere, where land is cheaper. Some have gone to Stoddard county, some to Oklahoma, and some to other points. But what are THEIR CHILDREN to do when the land is all gone? When no more land can be had at a price that a young man can pay for it with his labor? And that time is right at our door!

To equip the oncoming generation mentally as well as physically to cope with the problems they are sure to meet, the Kicker urges a more thorough education. And in this, the Twentieth Century, in a country where education is regarded as the basis and bulwark of liberty and freedom, such a proposition meets with violent protest from some pulpits and people are urged not to read the Kicker!

You can enslave an ignorant mass, but no intelligent mass of people can ever be enslaved. For illustration I point to Mexico—a republic with a constitution that guarantees as much freedom as our own—where public schools are not tolerated and the parish school is supreme. There the workers—men, women and children—are sold as well as the soil, cattle and hogs. They are called peons. And the ruling class of this country points to Mexico as the ideal country for investments because of the cheapness of labor.

Now, I did not want to continue this controversy—and will not. In my article of five weeks ago I only wanted to give the parents a hint. I wanted to set them to thinking. But the Kicker never takes a position it cannot hold. I received a letter from a little girl friend attending the Kelso parish school and answered it. This caused another little girl friend to write me a letter. I could fill the Kicker in answer to it, but will not do so. She is the daughter of a good farmer and attends the Oran parish school.

In the Kelso letter I corrected the mistakes and gave the little girl's name. It was very short. This last letter is seven pages in length and the girl writes "I have a good education, English and German and sypher." She says she is past 14 years old, which means that she is a post-graduate of the parish school. They usually "graduate" at 12, when they make their first communion. She takes the position that educated people won't work, and that if all were educated there would be nobody to do the work. This, it seems to me, would be a strong argument in favor of education. I here quote a paragraph from her letter just as it is written:

"Catholics always have nice gardens when the fine people from Chaffee pass our house on Sunday evening they say 'O what nice garden when you pass the education peoples gardens you see weeds, and the catholics don't have to go to the beggar shop to beg their light bread and sweet cakes they can beg their own papas says they are better than if the beggar begs them.' Papa says if we would go to school till we was 20 years old we would be the same, what would the world be if we was all educated and

would not work." There is the rub. What would happen if there would be no uneducated to support the educated? Why, the educated would have to go to work—or starve. And that would never do.

I doubt if there can be found in Scott County a child seven years old, who has been attending the public school, that can not spell "baker." But I will pay no further attention to letters on this subject. My object is to set the parents of these children to thinking, and I believe they will do it. If they shut their eyes and refuse to see, it is not my fault.

## SAME OLD STORY.

"The thing that will put the Democracy out of power in this city or county, if that occurs, will be the corruption which is known to exist among the Democratic officials."—Pemisot Argus.

This is a broad-gauge charge and takes in all the democratic officers in the county, from sheriff to coroner, and all the offices, save possibly two, are filled by democrats. This is a matter that Judge Riley should direct the grand jury's attention to when he opens court in Caruthersville, and if the Argus fails to substantiate it, its usefulness as a newspaper may come to an end—Portageville Critic.

Evidently the Critic is an amateur in matters of this kind. Possibly he is not aware of the great care with which grand jurors are selected when there is a "then on." When a corrupt gang gets in control of a county or state, there is but one remedy—vote them out. You can't reach them through the law—so long as they are the law. They will not prosecute and jail themselves.

Methodist church worship was disturbed at Portageville two Sundays ago by a murder. As James Young was walking up the aisle he was met by Walton Richburg, who drew a pistol and shot him dead. Young was a widower about 40 years old, with several children. On his body a pistol was found, but he had made no attempt to use it. Richburg waived preliminary hearing and was released on \$5,000 bond. When people have to go to church armed, it is evidence of a very high state of "Christian" civilization.

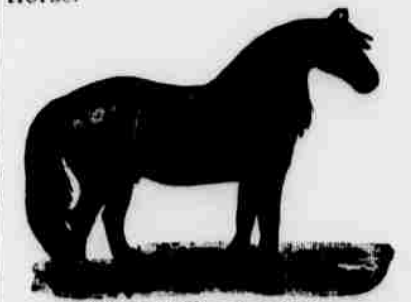
The Socialists of St. Francois county met at Flat River on Sunday, April 24, and put out a full county ticket. Also, G. W. O'Dam will be the candidate for congress for the 13th district. O'Dam is a miner. E. H. Robinson is their candidate for state senator. The chief industry of that territory is mining. Last year the workers worked half time and were told that things would boom as soon as the tariff bill was passed. Now they have the tariff, and the mines have closed down.

In Butler county the waters of Black river got so high that it drove a farmer named John Marshall from his home. Last week the water had gone down sufficiently and, entering the house, Marshall found three big fish in the parlor—one weighing seventy pounds, one 55 and one 40. He took them to Poplar Bluff and sold them.

Fredericktown had a \$30,000 fire last week. The victims are the Whitmer Grocer Co., Ivy Grocer Co., Tribune, E. Kipsattle, tailor; Geo. Elder, barbershop; Dr. Newberry; W. A. Kennedy, real estate office; J. C. Ranney, tailor shop.

## HECTOR, NO. 1639.

Is a black jack with white points, six years old, 15-1-2 hands high, standard measure, and was sired by Warren, Jr. His dam was Big May. The German Coach Horse.



## WINGALF, NO. 2651.

Is a dark bay stallion, 16-1-2 hands high, eight years old and weighs 1,450 pounds. Sired by Asco, No. 1357; he by Coco, No. 1274; he by Enno, No. 1735, etc. Dam, Wartburg, No. 10,099, she by Warin, No. 1165, by Emigrant, No. 925, etc.

Hector and Wingalf will stand during the season of 1910 at my barn, one mile west of Commerce, known as the Gaither place. TERMS—Either animal to insure living colt, \$12.50. Money due as soon as the fact is ascertained or mare traded, sold or removed from the county. Care will be taken to prevent accident, but will not be responsible should any occur.

BLODGETT COACH HORSE CO. 1741 S. W. DAVIS, Keeper.

## FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of August Dohogne deceased, that we, the undersigned Executors intend to make a final settlement thereof, at the next term of the Probate Court of Scott County, Missouri, to be begun and held at the Court House in the Town of Benton, said County and State on the Fourth day of May, 1910.

Leo Schick and Joe Hahn.